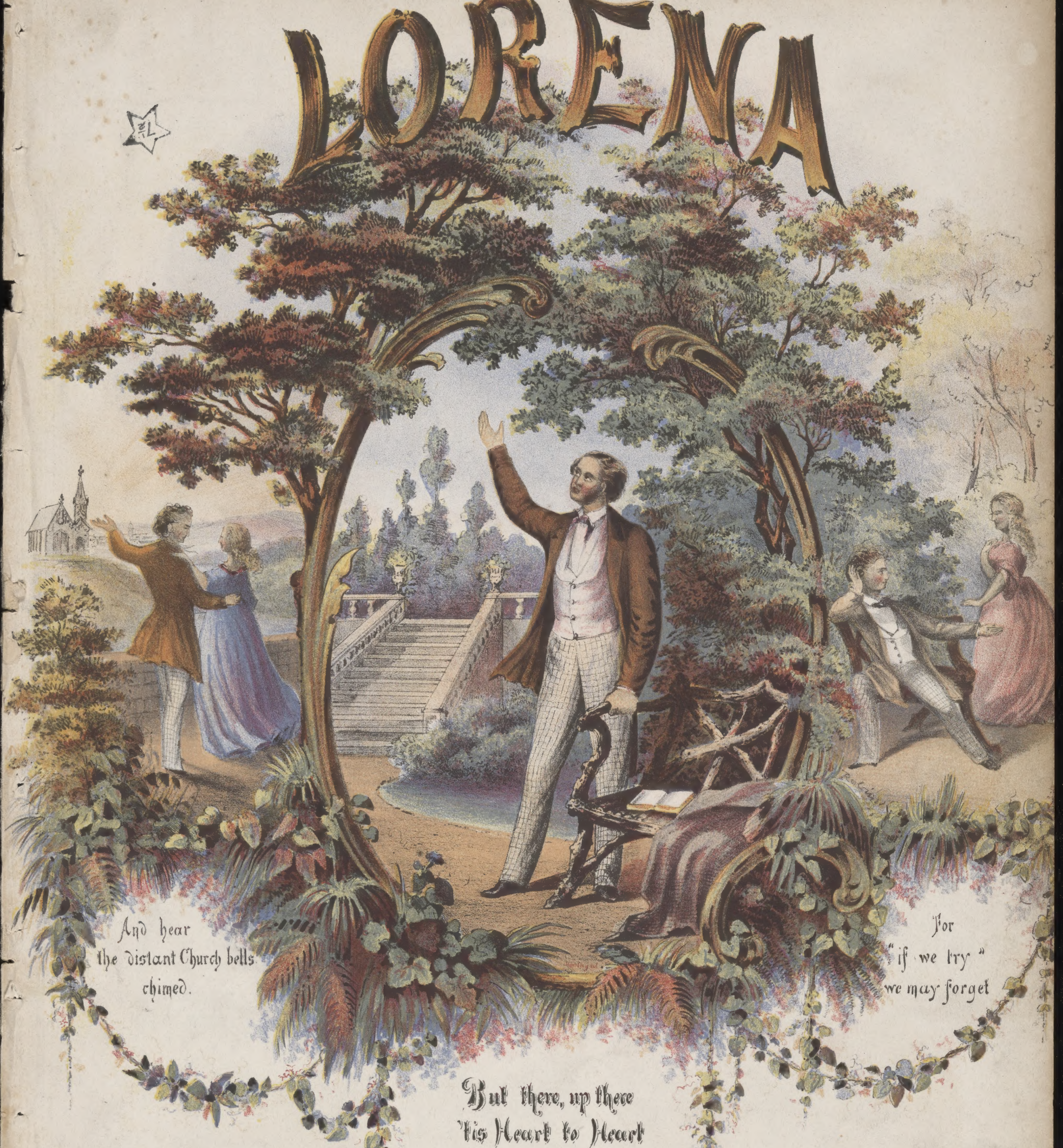
LORENA

7½



And hear
the distant Church bells
chimed.

For
"if we try"
we may forget

But there, up there
'tis Heart to Heart

CH^s SHOBER LITH. CHICAGO.

Guitar ✡

Piano 7½

CHICAGO.
Published by **H.M. HIGGINS**, 117 Randolph St.

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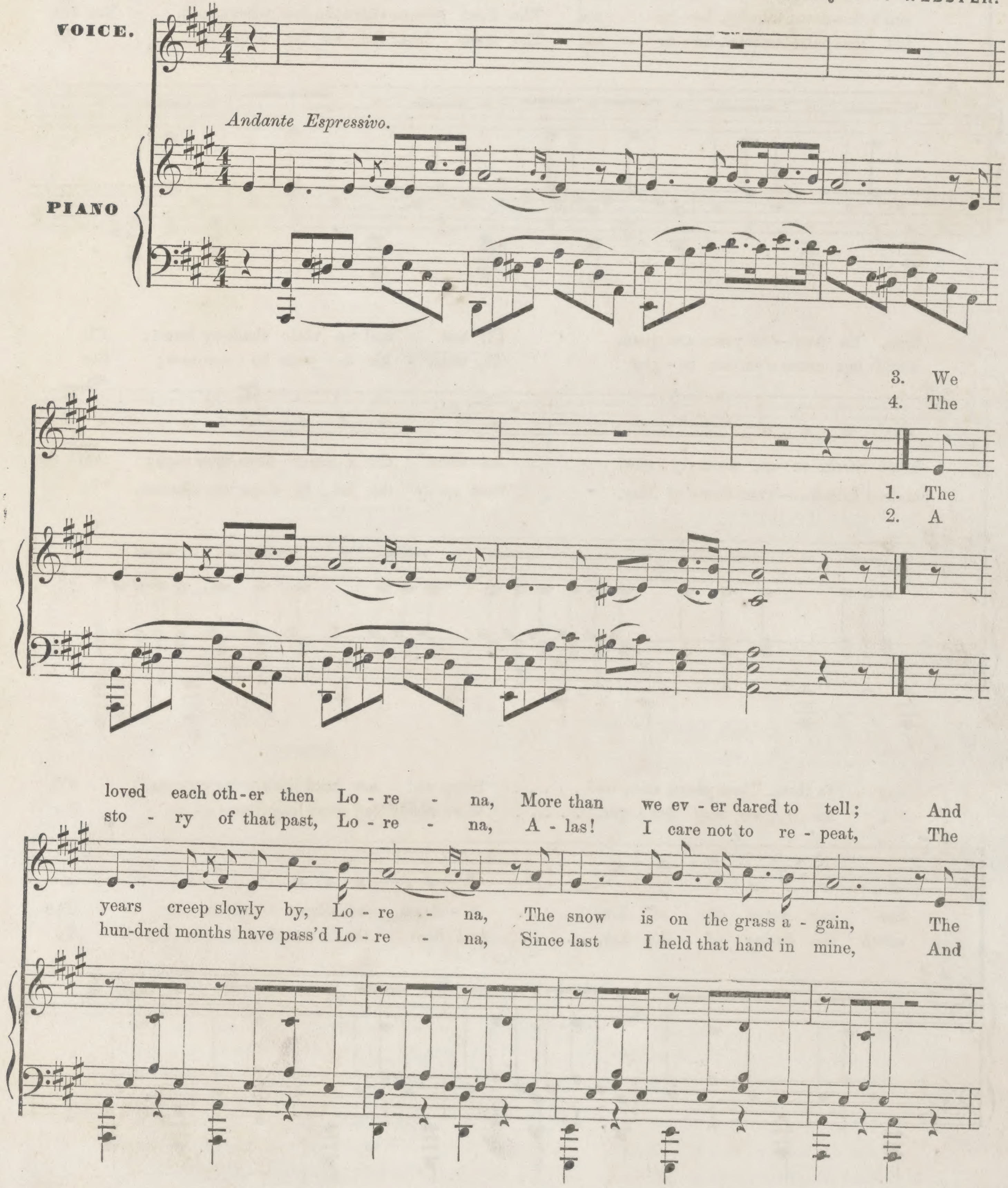
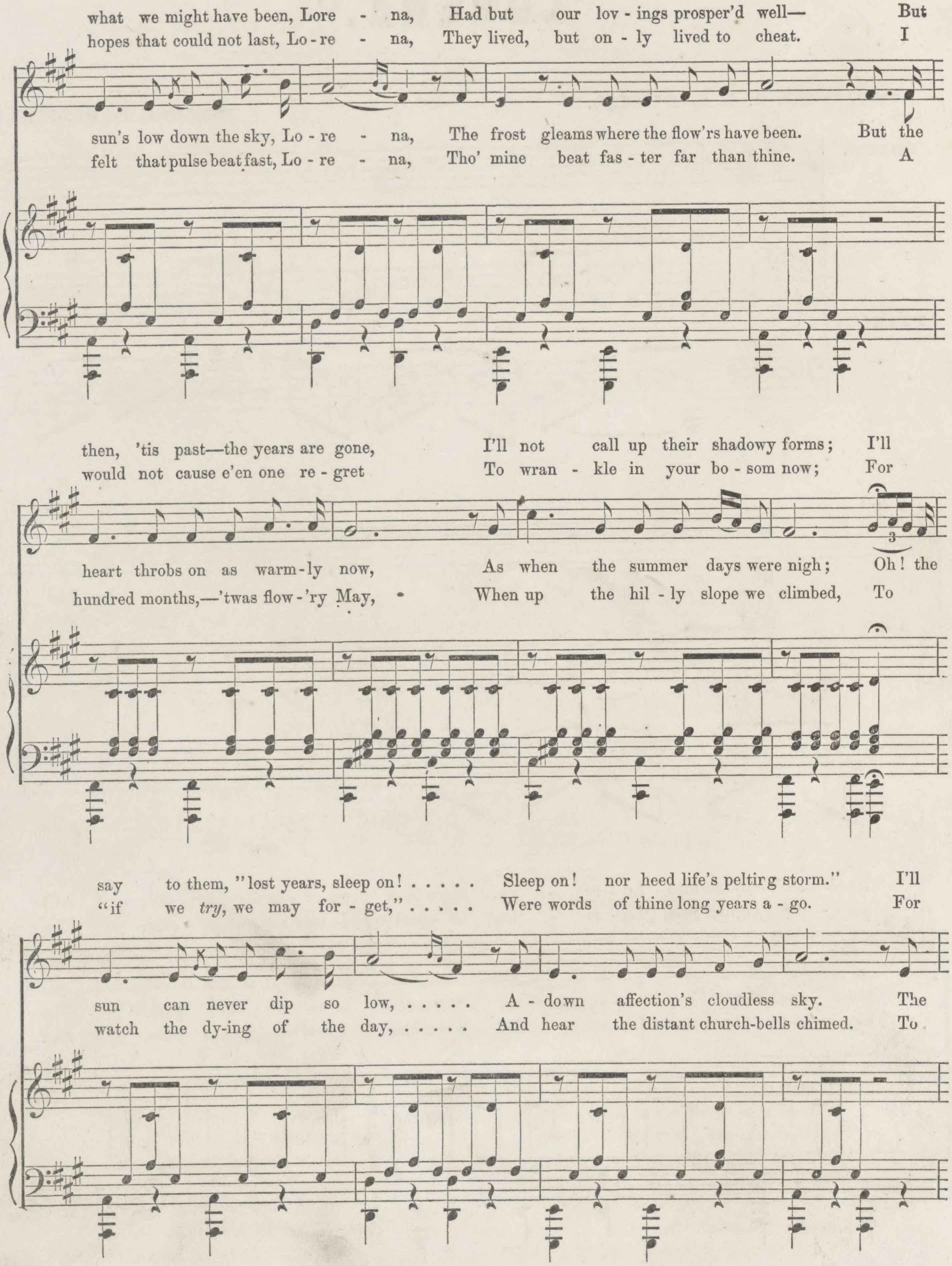
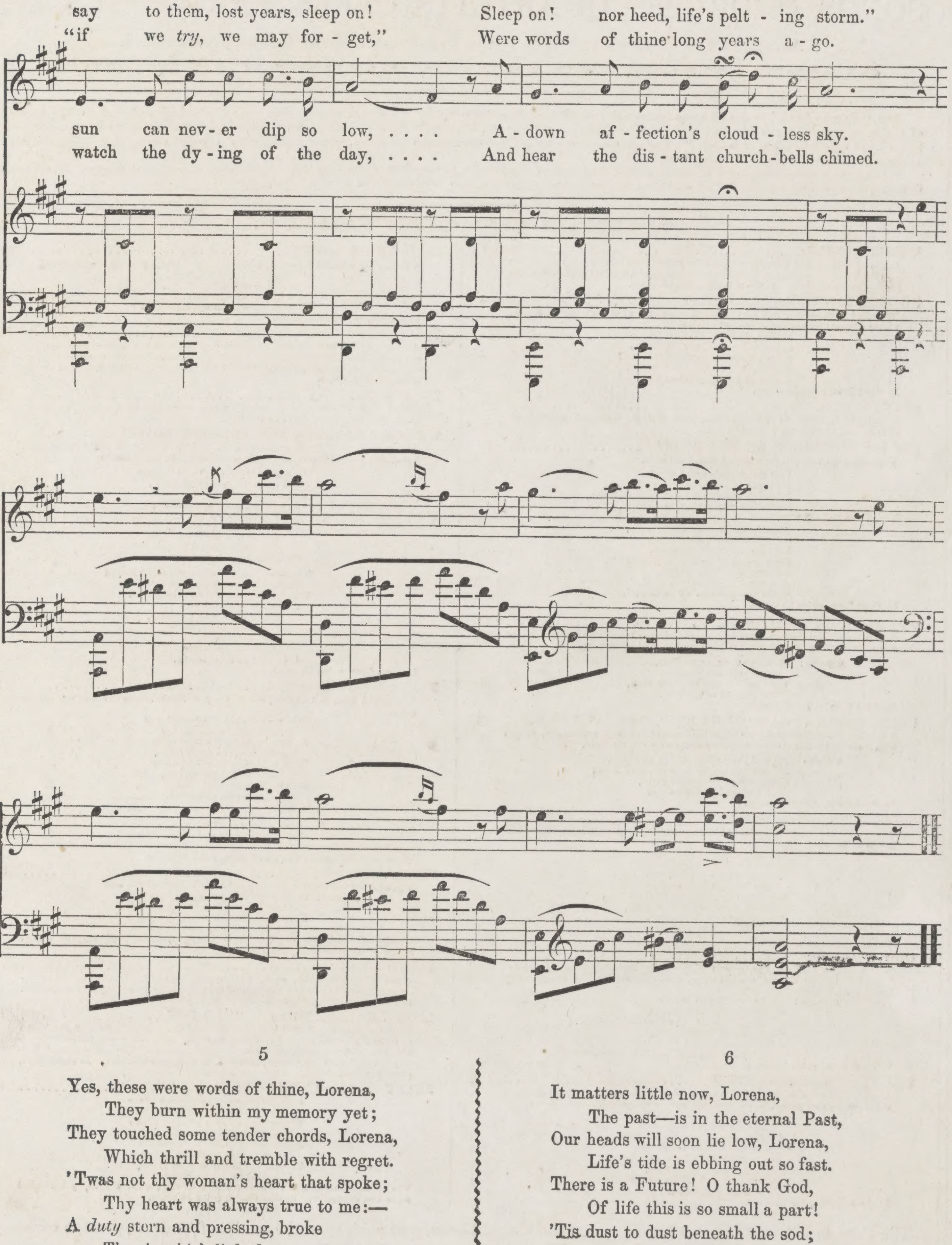
"LORENA."

Poetry by REV. H. D. L. WEBSTER.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.


VOICE.
PIANO
Andante Espressivo.
3. We
4. The
1. The
2. A
loved each oth-er then Lo - re - na, More than we ev - er dared to tell; And
sto - ry of that past, Lo - re - na, A - las! I care not to re - peat, The
years creep slowly by, Lo - re - na, The snow is on the grass a - gain, The
hun-dred months have pass'd Lo - re - na, Since last I held that hand in mine, And


what we might have been, Lore - na, Had but our lov - ings prosper'd well— But
hopes that could not last, Lo - re - na, They lived, but on - ly lived to cheat. I
sun's low down the sky, Lo - re - na, The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been. But the
felt that pulse beat fast, Lo - re - na, Tho' mine beat fas - ter far than thine. A
then, 'tis past—the years are gone, I'll not call up their shadowy forms; I'll
would not cause e'en one re - gret To wran - kle in your bo - som now; For
3
heart throbs on as warm - ly now, As when the summer days were nigh; Oh! the
hundred months,—'twas flow - 'ry May, When up the hil - ly slope we climbed, To
say to them, "lost years, sleep on! . . . . . Sleep on! nor heed life's pelting storm." I'll
"if we *try*, we may for - get," . . . . . Were words of thine long years a - go. For
sun can never dip so low, ... A - down affection's cloudless sky. The
watch the dy-ing of the day, ... And hear the distant church-bells chimed. To


say to them, lost years, sleep on! Sleep on! nor heed, life's pelt - ing storm."
"if we try, we may for - get," Were words of thine long years a - go.
sun can nev - er dip so low, ... A - down af - fection's cloud - less sky.
watch the dy - ing of the day, ... And hear the dis - tant church - bells chimed.

5

Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena,
They burn within my memory yet;
They touched some tender chords, Lorena,
Which thrill and tremble with regret.
'Twas not thy woman's heart that spoke;
Thy heart was always true to me:—
A *duty* stern and pressing, broke
The tie which linked my soul with thee.

6

It matters little now, Lorena,
The past—is in the eternal Past,
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena,
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
There is a Future! O thank God,
Of life this is so small a part!
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod;
But there, *up there*, 'tis heart to heart.

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Mother, do you think he's slain?
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Hail men of glorious memory!
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Be Independence still our boast,
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Firm united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and freedom we shall find.

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Our song shall ever be;
We'll rally round the true Flag,
The Banner of the free.

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A comic Song and Chorus; a capital blending of fun and patriotism, spiced with historical allusions to our brave generals now in the field.

Chorus All hail the Union, strong and true,
All hail our old Red, White and Blue;
Confusion to the traitor crew,
Ha! ha! ha! that's so too.

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SOLDIER TO HIS MOTHER.... 25

The soldier in his last moments calls his comrade, and bids him, in the language of the song—

Tell my mother, when you see her,
That I fell as fall the brave,
And she must not let it grieve her
That I fill an unknown grave;
For the gentle dews of Heaven
By the spot for her will weep,
And the holy stars of even
O'er me faithful vigils keep.

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OUR SOLDIER............. 27

This is a beautiful Song and Chorus affectionately inscribed to the family and friends of the late William Hart Massey, sometime Adjutant of the 65th regiment Ohio Volunteers.

Chorus: We have laid him to rest
On the earth's silent breast,
And the night winds still echo his knell;
Oh, we loved Willie dear,,
And the last welling tear
Shall be shed where our hero sleeps well.

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THE PLAINS OF TENNESSEE.............................. 32

A capital description of the battle of Murfreesboro, by Sergeant T. Hollingsworth, who stood picket guard the evening after the battle.

Again that dreaded hour comes on,
The cold ground is our bed
Another sleepless night have we
To spend among the dead.
And now I think of a happy home,
Of friends so dear to me,
And wonder if 'twill be my doom
To die in Tennessee.

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SLEIGH-RIDE SONG.................................... 37

A fine, jolly Song and Chorus, just the one for a happy party out sleighing.

Lightly o'er the drifted snow,
Prancing, dancing, on we go,
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Out to night with hearts care-free.

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We wait beneath the furnace blast
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the Nation;
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire,
Nor spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil.

The hand breadth cloud the sages feared
Its bloody rain is dropping,
The poison plant the fathers spared
All else is overtopping
East, West, South, North,
It curses the earth,—
All justice dies,
And fraud and lies
Live only in its shadows.

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RAIN ON THE ROOF...................................... 51

A beautiful Song and Chorus, full of the past recollections of home and childhood.

When the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead.

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Chorus: O Tilda McHale she carries her pail
At evening and earliest morn;
She's a bright little maid, milking cows is her trade,
And I love her as sure as you're born.

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JENNY MAUD, OR THE OLD FARM COTTAGE............ 62

I love to sing of the cottage home
Where dwells my Jenny Maud;
Where yellow roses sweetly bloom
O'er windows low and broad;
And winging to the locust shade
The wild bird warbling loud,
To hear the music sweetly made,
The song of Jenny Maud.

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